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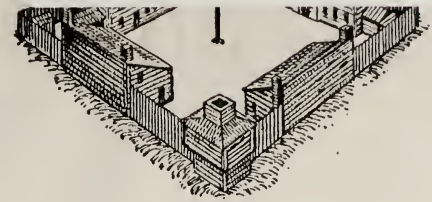

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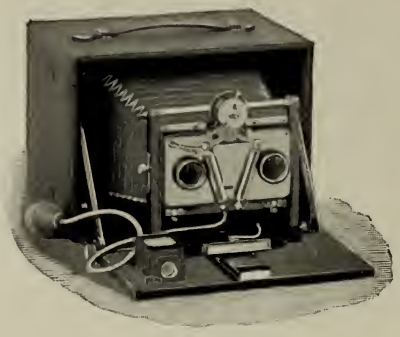

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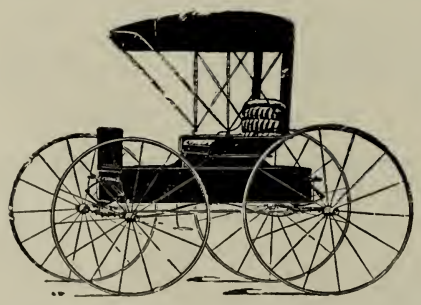

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This "Vedette" is respectfully dedicated to the Board of Trustees of the Fort Wayne Public Schools, with the hope that that honorable body will soon see their way clear to construct a new High School Building.

The

# Fort Wayne High School Vedette.

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Senior Class Annual. Vol. 1.

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'96.

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Hugh B. Hatch. Winnie E. Hartman.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

Frederic C. McCracken.

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# THE EDITORS' APOLOGY.

Inasmuch as the Fort Wayne High School has grown from a mere handful of students in the start, to nearly three hundred, in this, its twenty-eight year, the Senior Class of '96 thinks that it is time to publish an High School Annual.

We have endeavored to make this "Vedette" more of a Literary Annual than a mere hand book, and to thus describe the different phases of High School Life.

We hope that the public will be lenient to our many mistakes in punctuation, and the construction of sentences, and remember that we are but students of a High School, and have had no experience in this kind of work.

We desire to express our thanks to Professor Harry O. Wise for the article that he has kindly written for our book, and to Mr. James M. Hamilton for the etchings that appear in this "Vedette."

VEDETTE STAFF.

# THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Onward rolls the stream of life
  O'er it's rough and changing course,
Rushing here with noise and strife,
  Flowing there with gentle force;
Down some rapid falls descending,
  Round some fragrant grove now bending;
Onward, Onward, never ceasing,
  Speed now quickening, now decreasing;
    Drawing nearer to the sea,
    Nearer to eternity.

Comrades let us guide our boat,
  As we row along life's stream;
And not let it wildly float,
  As we idly sit and dream,
Tho' all now seems pleasant sailing,
  There will soon be cries and wailing,
If our boat goes blindly rushing
  O'er the falls that now are crushing
All unguided boats, and alas!
  Sending them a mangled mass,
    To be tossed on the vast sea,
    Tossed on dread eternity.

# School Officials.

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Harry O. Wise, A. B.,

Greek and English Languages.

Albert B. Crowe, A. B.,

Modern Sciences.

Mary L. Jay, Ph. B.,

Latin and History.

Caroline Colvin, A. B.,

Modern and Ancient History.

E. Louise Hamilton,

English Grammar and Literature.

Ellen McKeag,

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Katherine Blynn, A. B.,

Latin and English.

Mary A. Pyle,

Latin and Mathematics.

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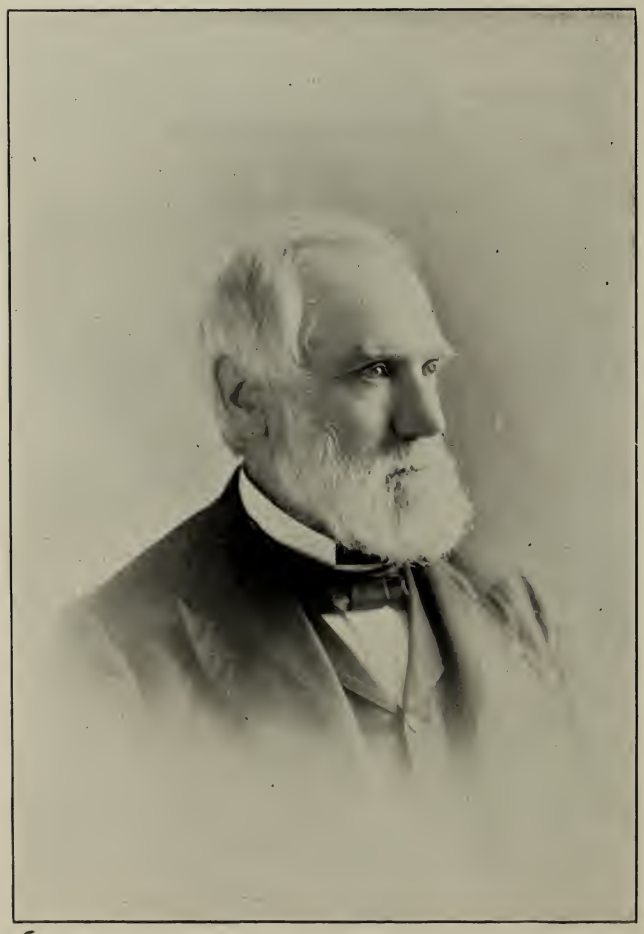


JOHN S. IRWIN, L. L. D.

# JOHN S. IRWIN, L.L.D.

Doctor John S. Irwin, at present superintendent of the public schools of Fort Wayne, is of Scottish descent. His grandfather came to America during the revolution. His father, Dr. Irwin, died in 1832.

Dr. John Irwin was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 4, 1825. He was graduated, receiving the degree of A. B., at the Western University of Pennsylvania in August, 1842. He then began the study of medicine, practical chemistry and pharmacy under the direction of Dr. Joseph P. Gazzam, of Pittsburgh, and received the degree of M.. D. from the University of Pennsylvania, April 3, 1847. He entered at once upon the practice of his profession, becoming junior member of the medical and surgical board of the Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh,

In September of 1847 he was married to Miss Mahan of Carlisle, Penn. Dr. Irwin continued the practice of his profession until 1853, when on account of ill health he was forced to abandon it.

After a partial recovery, he became, in 1853, book-keeper for the private banking firm of Allen Hamilton, in Fort Wayne, with whom he remained eleven years, becoming then teller in the Fort Wayne Branch of the Bank of the State of Indiana. At the end of two years, he was elected cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, which position he held until 1873, when he was threatened with a serious disease of the brain, and was compelled to resign his position. He then spent a year traveling as general manager for Indiana, of the United States Life Insurance Company.

In April, 1865, he was elected a member of the city school board of trustees, and, upon the organization of the board, he was made secretary and treasurer, retaining the latter position until June, 1875, when, the superintendent of schools, Dr. James H. Smart, having been elected state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. Irwin was elected superintendent of the city schools, and he still very efficiently fills that position.

To the scholars of the Fort Wayne Public Schools, Dr. Irwin fills a niche which no one else could fill. The small boy or girl starts to school with a wholesome awe of the Doctor, but gradually this awe changes to respect, and finally to a warm love for the kind friend who has carefully watched his progress through all the years of his school life and takes an active interest in his after-life. Dr. Irwin's scholarly attainments are well known to all, and I am sure that all who have ever attended the public schools of Fort Wayne, will join me in wishing our life-long friend the health and strength to fill his present position for many years to come.

PROFESSOR CHESTER T. LANE.

# PROFESSOR CHESTER T. LANE.

Chester T. Lane, the present principal of the Fort Wayne High School, was born on a farm in Jackson County, Mich., October 31, 1851. His parents were David and Universa Lane, both of whom were natives of New York. Professor Lane remained on his father's farm until he was fifteen years old, and upon his parents removing to Jackson, Mich., he entered the public school of that city, and in 1869, was graduated from the Jackson High School. In the fall of 1870, he entered the University of Michigan, and received his A. B. degree from that college in 1874.

The same year he accepted the principalship of the High School at Ypsilanti, Mich., and he filled that position for five years. In 1879 he came to Fort Wayne and entered upon the duties of his present position.

Since Mr. Lane's connection with the Fort Wayne High School, it has come to be one of the best schools of its kind in the state. He has been able, through the co-operation of the School Board, to greatly improve the different courses at the High School so that, by the present plan, it is possible for a student to advance as far in three years as he used to advance in four.

Professor Lane is an ardent advocate of civil service reform, and the public have heard him deliver several sound and masterly addresses on that subject.

Mr. Lane was married August 18, 1876, to Caroline J. Bloomfield, daughter of Giles and Cornelia Bloomfield, both of Jackson County.

# PROFESSOR HARRY O. WISE.

Professor Harry O. Wise, teacher of Classics at the High School, was born at Fort Wayne, Ind., June, 1869. His father is Mr. Platt J. Wise, who has conducted the clerical business of the sheriff's office for a number of years.

Mr. Harry Wise attended the public schools of Fort Wayne, and was graduated with high honors in 1887. He was out of school for one year because of ill health, and was graduated from the State University in 1892, taking the highest honors.

For the year 1892-1893 Mr. Wise was Principal of the High School at Renssellaer, Ind. In 1893 Mr. Wise accepted the position of teacher of Classics in the Fort Wayne High School, a position which he still holds.

Mr. Wise is a very efficient teacher, and the School Board looks upon him with a great deal of just pride, as he is said to be one of the brightest and most promising scholars ever graduated from the Fort Wayne schools.

Mr. Wise delivered an able address on Education at the graduation exercises of the High School Class of '95.

Mr. Wise's many friends were pleasantly surprised last November at the appearance in the "New Bohemian Magazine" of a poem from his pen, entitled "The Ballad of Phyllis and Her Shoe," which brought to light a talent of his hitherto entirely unsuspected.

# PROFESSOR ALBERT B CROWE.

Albert B. Crowe was born at Bedford, Ind., 1869. His father, James B. Crowe, was a Presbyterian minister and was well known in Fort Wayne.

Prof. Crowe was graduated from the Rennington High School, in 1887, and spent two years at Wabash College. He taught school for two years and then entered Hanover College, from which he was graduated in 1893. In 1894 he accepted his present position as Professor of Science in the Fort Wayne High School.

In the fall of the same year he was married to Miss Drayer, of Hartford City.

Prof. Crowe has become widely known in scientific circles, during his short residence in Fort Wayne, by his lectures to the Fort Wayne Medical College, as an investigator of the Roentgen Process of Photography, and by his connection with the Fort Wayne Electrical School and the Y. M. C. A.

Since Mr. Crowe began his work at the High School, he has been able to improve and enlarge the physical, chemical and botanical laboratories, so that the several scientific studies are pursued with much additional benefit.

# THE LAZINESS OF BILL LONG.

(AFTER RILEY.)

---

"Know Bill Long? Wa'al I shed say!
Laziest man of a summer's day
Ever you seed. I ain't no dab
At laziness myse'f—ur gab:
Allus admired thet air process
O' goin' to roost the chickens hez,
An' lazin' long on a liberal plan
'Thout a thought o' the drippin' pan.

But ol' Bill Long, why bless your heart,
Could give me p'ints from the very start
And beat me out by far away,
In the game o' gineral loaf-an'-lay.

He wa'n't much to look at—Bill;
Long an' lank as a wagon thill,
Spite o' his gormandizin' like
A' 'sperienced buzzard 'at knows his biz,
Ur a hungry an' ever-to-be-so pike.
Seemed like his inwards never riz
Ekal to the occasion jist,
Kind o' sulkin' helpless like,
And allus on a gineral strike,
Far behind, and knowin' so,
O' the won'erful, never-endin' grist
Taken aboard in a stiddy flow:
And so there wa'n't no flesh to speak
On ol' Bill Long; perhaps, a streak
Jist here an' there—a callous, where
It wouldn't do to hev' it bare;
His loafin' parts were musculair.

Thet face o' his'n! Wa'al, when Bill
Hed taken post upon the hill,
Serious like a-gittin' down
To his day's work o' sittin' still;
And, with a mind to bizness, thrown
Full length aneath the sycamore,
(A landmark at his shanty door),
Quite keerfully hed fitted in

His shoulder blades to hollus, where
His long indústry hed made thin
The rough ol' bark;—I'm speakin' square,
Stranger, hed you been maunderin' 'long
The dirt road runnin' yonder there,
I'm blest but you'd 'a taken strong
Yer afferdavid thet thet tree
'An Bill 'uz part an' passel—knee
An' trunk; and hed yer eyes
Run up to where the feller's head
Lay blinkin' sleepy Paradise,
You'd swore thet you hed only seed
A rougher tangle o' ol' knots
Then often falls to sycamores' lots.

Why, fac' is, stranger, one hot day,
The Parson from up Straight Crick way,
New man in the diggin's, came
Sarchin' fer strayed lambs—like Bill!
Bill, doin' at the same old firm,
Seed him comin' round the hill,
Ponderin' likely on the flame
Consumin' sinners an' the worm
That dieth not, fer out o' doubt
The Parson weren't goin' in
Much fer the picteresk about,
And 'sposin' he'd been a man o' sin
We'd call him drowsin' out an' out.

The Parson led his old bay mare
Up the steep hill side, pausin' where
The winds blow from the river full
'Most any day, makin' a roar
Amid the leafy sycamore;
Fer Bill was sca'cely all a fool
When it came down to keepin' cool.
Besides, the hummin' up aloft
Was soothin' to the flesh, an' soft
Releast the henderin' bands o' clay
An' let the sperrut soar away.

Else, how account for the Parson's action,
Who stoopt and tied his ol' bay mare
To Bill's leg, an' with satisfaction

Arose an' buzzed in his hoss's ear,
"Oh, now, ol' gal, you'll run away,
I s'pose, an' drag the hull tree after—
I've got you anchored this time—eh?"
Then went his way with inward laughter.

This mare, I s'pose, had special mission
To give the Parson some tuishun
In Christian pashunce an' to teach
That 'tisn't all to thump an' preach;
That Providence hez more nor one
Instr'ments to hev "His will be done."
Fer nothin' daunted at the work,
The mare, no sooner wuz her master
Behind the shanty door, then faster
'N I can tell't, began to jerk
(With faith thet put to shame the Pastor
Who *talked* a heap o' movin' mountains
An' out o' rocks a-strikin' fountains)
An' strained an' tugged an' wheezed an' snorted
An' pranced an' kicked an' high cavorted,
Till to her s'prise (she'd jist been tryin'
To prove the Parson had been lyin'
'Thout much hope of ra'al success)
She felt a give—the rest but followed;
To start Bill Long wuz half, I guess,
Fer after thet his laziness
Jes' kind o' helped; he bein' so lazy
To stop when started wuzn't easy,
And so along the ground he wallowed
In tow o' Parson's ol' bay mare,
Head draggin' an' heels high in air.

Wa'al, stranger, all one summer's day
I sat by Bill aneath the tree—
'Twas fearful tejus work to me—
I sat by Bill an' and heard the way
The hull thing went. I recollict
Bill's words jes' kind o' dribbled out,
Like drops do from a water spout,
With naps atween 'em, an' I kicked
Him wake so often thet 'twas late
When he got through—say, half-past eight.

' 'Twas this way, Ben' ("Thet's my name, stranger")
'I didn't mind it half,' sez he.
'And didn't take no stock o' danger,
'Cause sence I wuz a boy, you see,
An' rode the ol' white cow from grazin'
I hedn't rid—Oh, chances, yes;
But who's agoin' to give up lazin'
And mount a hoss—wa'al, now I guess,
Not this 'ere chicken—not to talk
O' stickin' there an' jouncin' 'nough
To make a feller even walk,
An' then the gettin' off's too tough.
But now, you see, I wuz fixed jest,
And lay right back an' took a rest
Thet I'd been needin' off and on
Through thirty years o' skin an' bone,
Like some princéss in her baroosh
Leanin' on swansdown an' on ploosh.
A little tough at first descendin'
This hill with all them stones about;
But when we struck the road abendin'
North'ards, I all but gave a shout:
The dust out there lay warm an' thick,
An' felt like ma's best feather tick.

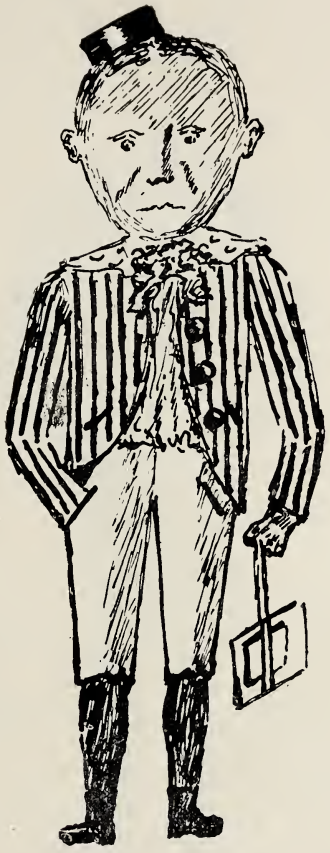
Didn't we whiz though! After while
The ol' mare kind o' slacked a bit,
An' halted dead in another mile—
Me draggin' still an' likin' it—
An' looked around an' kind o' shivered,
Feelin', I s'pose, unholy joy
At cuttin' loose from her employ.
Sence there I wuz an' there was she,
We sort o' made it up t' agree,
An' take life easy untill diskivered.
Fer anyhow she loitered slow
Up an' down the river's flow;
An' there on beds o' clover flowers
I laid in bliss fer mortal hours;—
A day, you know, it wuz when 't seems
Natur' is talkin' in her dreams,
An' babblin' in sperretual way
The secrets o' the fadeless day;

The breeze came droppin' out o' heaven
As if to tell what bliss is given
Where weary souls, like you an' me,
Shall rest through all eternity;
An' birds an' butterflies an' bees
Were livin' in the way they please
An' pleases their creator best—
An' thet's a jest a-takin rest—
The golden rule o' natur' sich
As spite o' sneers an' envy's itch,
Fer many a year I've been obsarvin',
Religious, pious, meek, unswarvin'.

But by an' bye I heerd a stir
Beyond my leafy coverture',
I heerd a puffin' an' a blowin'—
An'—an'—language like—an' sure enough
There wuz the Parson, in a huff;
Fer 'tis two things to be in church
Serene an' cool—an' in the lurch,
An' language fit for both occashuns.
'Ye' thief, you?' yelled the Parson. (See
Verse twenty-six o' fourth Ephesians)
'What are you doin' with my hoss?
You stole it, you, and now,' sez he,
'What are you doin' there?' 'For me,
I sez, 'my friend, I'm doin still
My juty—yes, an' allus will,
Lyin' at rest with all sail furled,
Makin the best o' a sinful world,
An' ripenin' fer the life to come,
Where honest men may lie in bliss,
Nor be accused o' that an' this,
An' Parsons' clack 'll still be dumb.
An' as for stealin'—wa'al, I guess,
Parson, yer hoss stole me, an' jes'
You git a trifle all-fired free—
Parson or man, Which e'er you be—
I'll 'dite you for grand larceny!'

Know Bill Long? Wa'al I shed say
Laziest man of a summer's day
Ever you seed."

HARRY O. WISE.



SPEAK gently to the Freshman,
He's rather timid yet;
The stories told by mother
He cannot quite forget.
You, too, were once a Freshman,
And just as green as he;
So speak not to him harshly,
But treat him tenderly.

# CLASS POEM—'99.

I've often sought, but sought in vain,
To find the reason why
The haughty Juniors call us green,
And smile as we go by.

I'm sure we're not as green as they,
In anything we do;
Although we have much less to say,
MOST all we say is true.

We never rose at half past three
To hoist a little flag,
And let the Seniors dance with glee,
And steal the painted rag.

We ne'er into the school house broke,
At half past twelve or so,
To play a little April joke,
And then got fooled—Oh, no!

Oh, no! We never did such things,
But the Juniors did, you see;
That's why their snickers have no stings,
For they're as green as we.

SPEAK gently to the Sophomore;
His freshman year is past;
And with it fled his greenness,
Nor did his fear long last.
He's got the swell head now though;
And thinks he knows it all;
So lift him gently from his perch,
And let him softly fall.

# SOPHOMORES.

## COLORS.

White and Maroon.

## MOTTO.

"To thine own self be true."

## YELL.

Spingle, spangle, twingle, twangle,
Tria, Trochi, Trate.
Rah—rah! rah—rah! rah—rah! rah—rah!
Fort Wayne High School '98.

## OFFICERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Philip Bursley, | *President.* |
| Bessie Cherry, | *Vice-President.* |
| Daisy D. Davis, | *Treasurer.* |
| Ben. Bell, | *Secretary.* |
| Bessie Colerick, | *Poetess.* |
| Edwin Fox, | *Historian.* |

# CLASS POEM—'98.

I

Well started now on our journey through school,
Towards the close of our Sophomore year,
We pause, and look back o'er the steps we have trod,
And recall many memories dear.

II

Two years have we struggled steadily on,
Our duty faithfully done;
Two more are approaching, to which we will turn,
And fight till our battle is won.

III

Of the days that have passed, we shall ever hold dear
Recollections of old '98,
While bright hopes for the future will gladden our path,
And help us to meet any fate.

IV

So true to our class we shall all ever be;
And by industry to us will fall
Honors and victories, so many and great,
We'll excell the achievments of all.

V

But the sands of time move so quickly,
The days will have flown all too soon,
When we'll bid farewell to the High School,
Where we flaunted the White and Maroon.

SPEAK gently to the Junior;
His head is normal now;
He's learned, before a Senior,
Himself to humbly bow.
But do not treat him roughly,
He'll soon a Senior be;
And then perhaps he'll never
Care to speak to thee.

# JUNIORS.

## COLORS.

Scarlet and Black.

## FLOWER.

Red Carnation.

## MOTTO.

"Nos sumus populi."

## YELL.

Vichy—kinick—kinick—kinick.
Ster-a-toe-lix, toe-lix, toe-lix.
Kicka—Bah—Bah! Kicka—Bah—Bah!
Ninety-seven.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## OFFICERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lee F. Hartman, | *President.* |
| Myrtle P. Haines, | *Vice President.* |
| Charles D. Barrett, | *Secretary.* |
| Herbert W. Lang, | *Treasurer.* |
| Maude F. Sperry, | *Poetess.* |
| E. Ralph Yarnelle, | *Historian.* |

# CLASS POEM—'97.

What ! write a poem for famed '97.—
A task for a sage, old and hoary.
For naught but the wisest, most competent mind,
Could ever half picture its glory.
Its brilliancy, cleverness, keenness of wit,
Its virtue, high culture, rare talent,
The charms of its maidens, so gracious and sweet,
The power of its youths, brave and gallant.

When three years ago, the old doors were thrown wide,
To admit this most wonderful class,
E'en the dingy old building cast off its black gloom,
And with joy the teachers rose up en masse.
Though freshmen, we ruled with a high, mighty hand,
And were held up as models sublime;
And from our deportment, one really would think
We hailed from some bright, starry clime.

As "Sophs" we were minus the overt conceit,
Which characterises that year;
And of which, '98 have a sad double dose.
Causing anxious "Profs" many a tear.
Oh ! the trouble and worry of this striving class,
The incessant wear on its brain,
In trying to follow, and soar to our height,
A height which it ne'er will attain.

Tho' these former years were years of great worth,
E'en their unrivaled worthiness paled,
When compared with our marvelous Junior success,
For in nothing, you'll find, have we failed.
In physics and latin, geometry too,
Where others so wearily toiled,
With our usual aptness we conquered them all,
And remain—oh—the wonder—unspoiled.

There is but one cloud in our rose colored sky,
When we think of our vict'ries galore,
The thought of the way we've eclipsed '96,
And thus shown up its failings the more.
' Tis really a pity that this little class
Is so blinded by insane conceit,
That its own insignificance can not be seen,
By its members—with minds incomplete.—

Can mortals imagine the great dazzling heights
We'll attain when wise seniors we are ?
And the marvellous wonders we'll do in life's work,
Will be noted both near and afar.
And when school days are ended, and we have been
launched
On the uncertain ocean of life,
We know we'll be able to meet with success
All the storms of toil, sorrow and strife.

# CLASS HISTORY—'97.

Such heavy mists shroud the legendary period of this remarkable class, that we will not venture to pierce them, but will start where the authentic history begins: at the High School.

As freshmen, their teachers were "lost in wonder, love and praise" at their application, but the year was uneventful except for the summary chastisement of two refractory pupils, which came about in the following manner. Two young gentlemen, having set at naught the awful mandates of their principal, were condemned after the manner of the colonial punishment, to sit on the cold, hard floor, with feet outstreched before them, and there, mid tacit cursings, to expiate their crime. After an hour's sitting in this embarrassing position, they arose, sadder but better boys.

With chattering teeth and halting steps, they entered the Sophomore year, for then they came under the direct supervision of the imperative principal, who can be described by Homer as follows:

"He spake, and awful bends his sable brow,
And all Olympus to the center shook."

How they gasped for breath, as one of their members was peremptorily chidden for some offense; with what reverential awe, they held the Juniors who had the hardihood and audacity to address a few remarks directly to the fearful principal; while each Senior underwent apotheosis in the timorous minds of the Sophomores.

As the months sped on, they gradually acquired courage, and at the end of the year, they had the boldness of any Junior, as is shown by the following adventure.

In the silent watches of the night, a curious observer might have noticed four shrinking forms steal noiselessly into the school yard, clamber up the side porch, and gain entrance to the building. The same observer might have seen them tread silently up the stairs, and into the abode of the verdant freshmen, out on the roof, and, leaving two of their number as a guard, the others scale the lofty turret and plant on the hostile ramparts, the glorious Crimson banner of the class of '97, while the screech of the owl, the howling of the wolf, and the sighing of the wind, filled the circumambient air.

On the campus, next morning, could be seen groups of Juniors and Seniors, whispering and gesticulating and casting furtive glances at the Cupola on which was the banner with the inscription "'97, Nos sumus populi."* But Miltonic cursing and chagrined faces could not spoil the triumph of the Sophomores.

But now behold a change! vanished are the quaking knees, gone are chattering teeth, silenced are the gasps, lost is the reverential awe, for they are Juniors; they no more flinch before the falchion eye of their principal nor cower at his clarion voice.

And as to the future of this class, what man gifted with ordinary intelligence will not say that:--

"They will, departing leave behind them
Foot prints on the sands of time."

* See Page 65.

SPEAK gently to the Senior,
He's so very kind and true,
That if you treat him nobly,
He'll do the same to you.
But should you like to bluster,
My friend, of him fight shy:
For, if you scorn my warning,
You will suffer by and by.

# SENIORS.

## COLORS.

Cream and Golden Brown.

## MOTTO.

"He is never alone who is accompanied by noble thoughts."

## YELL.

Stick-e ka-chu, ka-chu, ka-chu!
Vich-e ra ru, ra-ru, ra-ru!
Kan-ack, Kan-ix, Kan-ack, Kan-ix!
Fort Wayne High School '96.

## OFFICERS.

THOMAS J. DAVIS, - - - - - - - *President and Poet.*
GEORGENE MARKEY, - - - - - - - *Vice President.*
CARRIE AKERS, - - - - - - - - *Secretary.*
FREDERICK C. MCCRACKEN, - - - - - - - *Treasurer.*

## MEMBERS.

CARRIE J. AKERS, - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*
Class Secretary, Vedette Editor.

AURILLIA AKER, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

HARVEY S. BANKS, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*
Vedette Editor, Manager Foot Ball Eleven, Chess Club, Advertising Committee A. A. A.

THOMAS J. DAVIS, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*
Class President, Vedette Editor in Chief, Glee Club, Chess Club, Foot Ball Eleven.

PEARL E. FOSTER, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*

MAUDE E. GASKINS, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

ARTHUR A. GREENICK, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*
Foot Ball Eleven, Chairman Advertising Committee A. A. A.

WINIFRED E. HARTMAN, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*
Vedette Editor.

SENIOR CLASS.

DONALD J. HAYDEN, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

Chairman Executive Committee A. A. A., Vedette Assistant Business Manager, Reception Committee, Chess Club.

HUGH B. HATCH, - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

Foot Ball Eleven, Vedette Editor, Glee Club, Chess Club, Prize Committee A. A. A.

EMMA HABERKORN, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

AUGUSTA HABERKORN, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

LILLIAS HAYS, - - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*

MABLE HATCH, - - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

MAYME KERN, - - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*

Reception Committee.

GRACE HAUCK, - - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

BEATRICE KELL, - - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

ELIZABETH J. HEBERT, - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

AGNES E. LANSDOWN, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

GEORGENE MARKEY, - - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

Class Vice-President.

FREDERIC C. MCCRACKEN, - - - - - - - - - - *Latin.*

Class Treasurer, Vedette Business Manager, Foot Ball Team, Glee Club, Reception Committee.

ADA M. MCCORMICK, - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

LUCILE A. PORTER, - - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*

HARRY L. STONECIFER, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*

Foot Ball Team, Event Committee A. A. A., Glee Club, Excursion Committee.

MAUD VANTILBERG, - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

LILLIE B. WILDING, - - - - - - - - - - *Classical.*

ALBERT L. WATERS, - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

JENNY YOU, - - - - - - - - - - - *Scientific.*

SENIOR CLASS.

# CLASS POEM—'96.

Another year is closing;
For us 'twill be the last;
Our four long years at High School
Will very soon be past.
And then we all will scatter;
Where, only God can tell:
But we'll always do our duty,
And our part in life act well.
No matter where we wander,
Our hearts will all be true,
And the "Cream and Brown" will flutter
Beside the White and Blue.

For four long years we've labored;
And as our thoughts go back
To many glorious vict'ries
On foot ball field and track,
In lessons and in class room,
In everything we tried,
We glory in our record,
And swell with honest pride:
And we draw ourselves up higher,
And we swell out further yet,
As we offer to the public
The first High School Vedette.

We have crushed the '97s;
And to us made them bow;
And with graceful condescension,
The rule, we yield them now.

# THE SONG OF THE TRUANT.

The birds are singing gaily
  In the trees above my head;
The brook is rippling gently
  O'er the pebbles in its bed;
And I am sitting idly
  On the sweetly scented sod,
Conversing with the flowers,
  The great gift to man from God.

For I am playing truant
  On this pleasant summer day;
And in this grassy woodland,
  I will pass the time away.
I love this gurgling brooklet,
  With its water pure and clear.
Its sympathetic rippling
  Is sweet music to my ear.

For what care I for lessons,
  When yon Red-bird in the tree,
With notes that soar to Heaven
  Sings his sweetest songs for me.
And yon warbler sitting near him,
  Swelling out with joy and glee,
With his rival's noble utterance,
  Mingles his soft melody.

The bashful Violets know me,
  And where e'er I softly tread,
Each little fragrant blossom
  Raises up its drooping head.
The chipmunks frolic round me,
  As I lie beside the brook,
And read another chapter
  From Dame Nature's scented book.

And as I lie enraptured
By the music of the trees,
The babbling of the pebbles,
And the buzzing of the bees,
'Tis then I feel that heaven
Is on earth, not far away,
And that God is always present,
And will guide me every day.

## OUR MOTTO.

Let your thoughts be pure and noble,
And your words will be the same;
And resulting deeds will never
Put your thoughts and words to shame.

Let your thoughts be pure and noble,
And you ne'er will be alone:
Noble thoughts are good companions,
When professed friends are gone.

# A DREAM, YET NOT A DREAM.

Ah! sleep, thou only balm for aching hearts,
What strange and subtle visions thou dost bring
To weary brains; fast, fleeting, dreams we call them,
Yet the wheel of life oft runs its full,
In one brief hour.
The youth who, struggling, hopes
To rise a learned lawyer, sees him crowned
A statesman and his nation's pride, and wakes
To labor on.
The monarch, tyrant king,
Beholds the mob, by rage and hunger driven,
Disperse his guard; and sack the royal palace;
And cringing, prays the God he never owned,
To save him from the rabble; but when the day
Has banished sleep, he dares again defy
The vengence of his people.
The patient Christian,
Suffering much in Jesus' name, perceives
The city of his God, and greeting Peter
At the gate, awakes to suffer and to trust.

The lover, dragging out his listless life,
In one brief moment of imagined joy,
Presses kisses on the lips of her he loves,
And waking, knows he loves, but loves in vain.

'Twas such a dream as these that held me bound
One winter night; I saw myself grown old
With many years, my hair and beard as white
As fallen snow; I felt that I had aged,
And soon would pass; and wished to see once more
The scenes, beloved for school boy memories.
My past I did but dimly know, nor seemed
To care for aught except the present and the period
Of my school boy days. For in my dream I wandered
To the city of my youth, and borne by power,
Unpreceived, yet, seeming not to wonder, nor
To ask the reason why, I found myself
Before the spot where once, our High School stood.
Alas, 'twas gone! And in its place there rose
A towering building, the finest in the city,
So the people said; but as I gazed,
It faded from my view, and once again
I saw that old familiar school house. The stones,
Enriched by sculpters' art, were now but faded
Bricks. The massive arches, placed on top
The polished marble, shrank to common doors;
I saw the sidewalk lined on either side
With iron railing, and crowded with the happy jostling
School boys. And then, as often one who dreams

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Beholds strange sights, and by some subtle change
Himself becomes a part of what he sees,
I mingled with the crowd, and was, myself,
A happy school boy.
The bell begins to ring,
And slowly as if loth to go, we climb
The stairs; And noisily, as was our wont,
We break into the room. But startled by the silence
And the stillness there, with softer steps
We seek our seats. Awed by the look of sorrow
On our Professor's face, we gaze around
And wonder why 'tis so. And then, as if
In answer to our thoughts, his own, all centering
Round the potent one, flash quick intelligence
To our minds, and we sorrow with him.
Our principal arises, and three times
Essays to speak: Each time his lips are parted
In a mute appeal. At last, he says:
"You are dismissed; return to-morrow morn."
"No school! No school to-day! But why this silence?"
"Why these sober faces?" "No school! No school!"
"The very walls should echo with the shout."
Alas, not so! We know the reason why
We are dismissed. Our teacher, our friend is dead-
And as a token, slight indeed, of the love
We all bore her, this brief rest is decreed.
With slow and solemn steps, we leave the room;
And walk out to the open air. How changed
All nature seems; how weighted down with sadness;
How strange we did not notice it before,
When joyfully we came to school. The birds
Sit drooping in the trees, their music hushed:
The wind goes rushing by with mournful wail.
Deep buried in my thoughts, I walk towards home.
My teacher dead, my friend forever gone!
How can that be? It seems but yesterday,
She helped me in my lessons. My mind
Was dazed, and I was all discouraged over
Problems hard to master: but so kindly
She explained them, as she often had before,
That I wondered, I had been so dull.
And she is gone! And will return no more!
And yet, O Lord, thy will is just;
Her work on earth was done. I often thought
She wearied of this world and earthly toil,
And longed to be with Thee, whom all her life
She worshiped and adored. And she is dead.
As thus I mused, I woke and felt the touch
Of morning on my cheek; and heard the cock
Proclaim the day. Thoughts of lessons, yet
Unlearned, displaced my dream, and I arose,
And hied me to my books.

# THE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Athletic sports have always been popular with the boys at the High School, but it was not until 1894, that an Athletic Association was organized. During that year the first field day was held, and the Association intended to send the contestants who received the largest number of points, to Indianapolis, to the athletic contest for the High Schools of the northern states, but because of unavoidable delays, this was not done.

In the contests of the first field day, Orff easily won the first all-round medal, although he won only second prizes in some events. Shoaff won the second all-round, and Moring the third, although it was necessary to run the potato race twice to decide between Moring and Davis. The features of the day were, the 100 yard dash, won by Shoaff in eleven and one quarter seconds, and the 440 yard dash, won by Hamilton in one minute and seven seconds. Much credit is due the financial managers of this year, as they started out without a cent in the treasury, and left $50.00.

The second field day was held on May 24, 1895. The day was a beautiful one for athletics, being hot and dry; the track was as good as a week's work could make it and there was a large crowd present. The surprise of the crowd can be imagined, when Orff won each of the first five events; his most enthusiastic admirers having expected him to win three and get second or third in the others. Altogether he won nine events, making a total of forty-eight points. McDonald won the second all-round with eighteen points, and Bursely the third with thirteen points. The best records were the base ball throw of 306 feet, 3 inches, by Orff; the one mile run in 5 minutes, 35 seconds, by McDonald; the one mile bicycle race in 2 minutes, 45 seconds, by Hayden; and the hammer throw of 95 feet, 8 inches, by Jno. Bass, Jr., which is the state record.

The third field day was held May 22, 1896. It had rained hard the day before, and although considerable work had been done upon the track, it was somewhat heavy. The crowd was large, and had a greater per cent. of ladies, wearing the colors of the various classes, than ever before. Altogether, eight school records were broken, Stonecifer holding five of them; Greenick, two; Keil, one. For the first time, there was a contest for the first all-round medal; Stonecifer won it with 45 points; Greenick second with 36 points; Crim third with 12 points, although Keil and Shultz were close with 11 points each. Roundtree, a professional runner, made 50 yards in .05⅘; within one-eighth of a second of the world's record, notwithstanding the heavy track.

Although the Association can boast of no very fine records, still, inasmuch as there have been but three opportunities in which to make records, the boys feel proud of what they have done.

# HIGH SCHOOL AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

## OFFICERS.

PROF. A. B. CROWE, - - - - - - - - - *President and Treas.*

PROF. H. O. WISE, - - - - - - - - - *Secretary.*

## FIELD DAY COMMITTEES.

### EXECUTIVE.

DONALD J. HAYDEN, '96, *Chairman.*

FREDERICK B. SHOAFF, P. G. HERBERT W. LANG, '97.

### PRIZE.

CORNELIUS SMITH, '97. *Chairman.*

RALPH E. YARNELL, '97. HUGH B. HATCH, '96.

### EVENT.

WALTER H. CRIM, '97, *Chairman.*

SAMUEL T. STRINGER, '97. HARRY L. STONECIFER, '96

HERBERT W. LANG, '97. BEN. KEIL, '98.

### ADVERTISING.

ARTHUR A. GREENICK, '96, *Chairman.*

HARVEY S. BANKS, '96. FRED SCHULTZ, '98.

# FOOT BALL AT HIGH SCHOOL.

The first High School Foot Ball Team, which was the first team in Fort Wayne, was organized in the fall of 1891. Burt Schmitz, now at Purdue, was elected captain, and John Crowe, an old Hanover player and one of the most famous in the west, consented to take the office of coach. Only two games were played. In the first game, Concordia refused to play except under her own rules, with which the High School boys were unacquainted, and the game resulted in a score of 32 to 0 in favor of Concordia. The next game was played under regular rules, and resulted in the score of 38 to 0 in favor of the High School, at the end of the first half, when Concordia quit. The heaviest player on Concordia's side was the physical director, who played in his gymnasium tights. "They didn't do a thing to him."

The next year, there was not so much interest in High School foot ball, as the Y. M. C. A. had a team. Robert Orff was captain, and several games were played with Concordia, the High School generally losing.

In '93 Cliff Wallace was elected captain, and several local games were played. The first game played outside the city was with Kendalville, who were defeated by a score of 18 to 0. A return game was arranged for, but Kendalville refused to come.

In '94 Alfred Cressler was elected manager, and Fred Shoaff captain, the latter resigned, and Donald McDonald was elected. Only two games were played, both with Kendalville, one at each place. Kendalville was easily beaten both times, although she scored in one game.

The team of '95 was, perhaps the strongest team the High School ever had; for it was made up of the best players in the '94 team, and the new players were all of the right quality. Five games were played that year, and our team was defeated but once.

The first game of that year was played on Labor Day with the Keystones, and resulted in a victory for the High School team. The team then disbanded, and it seemed for a time as if interest in the game would not revive. But a few of the boys succeded in arousing enough enthusiasm to organize an eleven. Harvey Banks was elected manager, and Harry Stonecifer captain, and after that all was easy, and the boys got down to business.

The first game of the new team was played on Fort Wayne grounds with Decatur High School team. It was an easy victory for Fort Wayne, and ended in the score of 18 to 0. The Decatur boys had expected to win easily, and they were so much taken back, that they refused our team a return game.

The next game was with Huntington High School, and resulted in the only defeat

of the year for the Fort Wayne High School. Both sides made three touch-downs, but Huntington kicked two goals, while Fort Wayne missed all three. Two of Huntington's touch-downs were made in the first five minutes of the game, but after that they were outplayed by the home eleven, and the score would have been different, if the crowd had not interfered in the last few minutes of the game.

Two games were played with Kendalville, one at each place, both of which were ties. The first one, which was played at Kendalville, was played in six inches of snow. The resulting score was 6 to 6. The last game of the season was played on Thanksgiving day with Kendalville. The mud was nearly a foot thick, and most of the playing was line bucking. At one time the ball was within one yard of Fort Wayne's goal, and in the hands of Kendalville, who had three downs. Thomas, Kendalville's full-back, and an old Depaw player, took the ball through the center, but the line held like a stone wall and Fort Wayne got the ball on downs, and the goal was out of danger. The last half was finished without either side scoring, and with a ringing cheer for Kendalville, the foot ball season in Fort Wayne was over. The following is the organization of the '95 foot ball team.

HARVEY S. BANKS, - - - - - - - - - - *Manager.*

HARRY L. STONECIFER, - - - - - - - - - - *Captain.*

| PLAYERS. | WEIGHT. | POSITION. |
|---|---|---|
| FRED. SHULTZ, | 165 lbs. | *Center.* |
| HUGH. E. OLDS, | 160 lbs. | *Guards.* |
| JOHN S. JOHNSON, | 200 lbs. | |
| FREDERIC C. MCCRACKEN, | 135 lbs. | *Tackles.* |
| HUGH B. HATCH, | 155 lbs. | |
| HARRY L. STONECIFER, | 152 lbs. | |
| SAMUEL T. STRINGER, | 129 lbs. | *Ends.* |
| ED. E. KING, | 130 lbs. | |
| JOHN MORING, | 145 lbs. | |
| HERBERT W. LANG. | 102 lbs. | *Quarter-back.* |
| THOMAS J. DAVIS, | 140 lbs. | *Half-backs.* |
| ARTHUR A. GREENICK, | 126 lbs. | |
| ROBERT E. ORFF, | 163 lbs. | *Full-Backs.* |
| WILLIAM A. JOHNSON, | 156 lbs. | |
| HAYDEN, | | *Substitutes.* |
| KEIL, | | |
| EMRICK, | | |

FOOT BALL ELEVEN.

# RECORDS OF THE FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

| EVENT. | TIME. | YEAR. | NAME. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 50 yard dash, | 6 sec. | 1894 | E. King, '94 |
| 100 yard dash, | 11 sec. | 1896 | Greenick, '96 |
| 220 yard dash, | 24 3-5 sec. | 1896 | Stonecifer, '96 |
| 440 yard dash, | 58 2-5 sec. | 1896 | Stonecifer, '96 |
| ½ mile run, | 2 min. 34 sec. | 1895 | D. McDonald, '96 |
| 1 mile run, | 5 min. 35 sec. | 1895 | D. McDonald, '96 |
| 120 yard hurdle, | 15 1-4 sec. | 1895 | Orff, '96 |
| ¼ mile walk, | 10 min, 51 sec. | 1895 | Crim, '97 |
| Potato race | 1 min. 15 sec. | 1895 | Bursely, '95 |
| Obstacle race | 25 sec. | 1895 | Bursely, '95 |
| 1 mile bicycle race, | 2 min. 45 sec. | 1895 | Hayden, '96 |
| | DISTANCE. | | |
| Running high jump, | 4 ft. 10½ in. | 1896 | Keil, '98 |
| Running hop, step and jump. | 38 ft. | 1896 | Stonecifer, '96 |
| Stanning hop, step and jump. | 27 ft. 2½ in. | 1896 | Stonecifer, '96 |
| Running broad jump | 18 ft. | 1895 | Orff, '96 |
| Standing broad jump | 8 ft. 10 in. | 1894 | F. Davis, '95 |
| Throwing hammer | 95 ft. 8 in. | 1895 | Jno. Bass, Jr., '98 |
| Putting shot | 39 ft. 6 in. | 1895 | Jno. Bass. Jr., '98 |
| Throwing base ball | 306 ft. 6 in. | 1895 | Orff, '96 |
| Throwing foot ball | 105 ft. 7 in. | 1895 | McDonald, '96 |

# OUR HEROES.

When I came to search the history
Of foot ball in our school,
Of the great and mighty players
Who our gridiron used to rule;
And when I found recorded
On the scroll of foot-ball fame,
Such a list of long-haired heroes
With great glory at each name,
My mind was so excited,
And delighted and amazed,
That I could not help exclaiming
As at that scroll I gazed,
"O what a noble record
Of that, I am well proud;
And I'll proclaim its praises,
And sing them long and loud."

And now as I recall it,
Unless my memory slips,
The captain of our first team
Was a youth named Edward Schmitz.
He was quite a foxy player,
And led his team to fame,
Though two wore noght but blue jeans,
They got there just the same.
Bert's now off at college,
Away at old Purdue;
He's playing foot-ball there now,
And plays a star game too;
And the way he holds his end down,
Makes me shout aloud for joy,
And makes me very happy
That Bert was a High School boy.

Then next in line is Ralph Dick;
He's also at Purdue;
He played our center for two years,
And played it right well too.
He'll make Purdue's first team,
Before the year goes by,
And he'll play their star tackle.

If he'll get to work and try.
For you remember that game,
On Thanksgiving of '94,
When Englewood had sixty-six,
And Fort Wayne had no score;
When Dick picked up the pig-skin,
And ran clear across the field,
And touched it down for four points,
Before to fatigue he'd yield.

Now I must tell of Bob Orff;
He's with us every day;
He needs no introduction,
For you all have seen him play;
You've seen him break through center,
Like a ball shot from a gun;
You've seen him make a touch-town,
As around the end he'd run.
Bob's not off at college;
He shovels gas they say;
At the Gas Construction company,
When there's no foot-ball to play;
So, when we have a hard game,
We put it in his hands,
For we know full well we'll win it,
If behind our line he stands.

And then, there's William Johnston,
You all know him full well;
His merits as a player
There's no need for me to tell.
But before I leave this hero,
I'll remind you of that game,
In which Lime City beat us,
'Twas there Will won his fame.
The ground was soft and slushy;
'Twas raining slightly too;
But William took the foot-ball,
And said, "Boys push me through."
And we pushed him through the center,
For fifteen yards or more.
Though when the game was finished,
We had the smaller score,
'Twas through no fault of William's;

But rather that of fate;
Or because to practice kicking
Goals, we began to late.

There's another stalwart hero,
Who forged himself a name;
Who, on the muddy gridiron,
Won everlasting fame;
'Tis Bradly, Archie Bradly,
To whom I now refer,
And, if I sing his praises,
I know you'll not demur;
For often have you praised him;
Often made the sky resound,
With shouts and yells for Bradly,
As he came upon the ground:
For whenever strength and courage
Were needed in the line,
You always felt much safer,
If you saw his red hair shine.

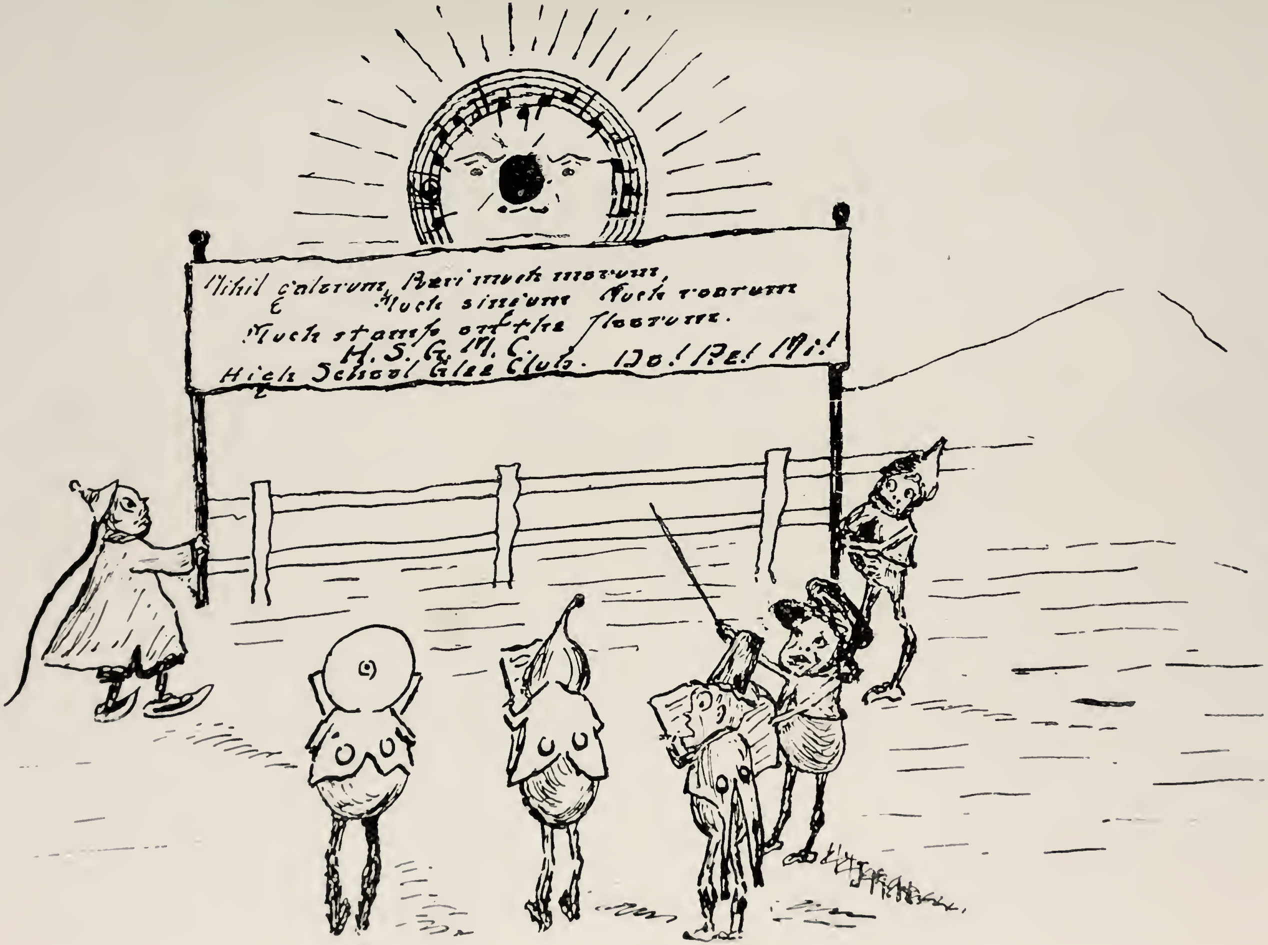
Among the gallant full-backs
Who've defended High School lines,
There is one whose glorious record
With noble victories shines.
He was a stiff straight-armer,
And so wide has spread his fame,
That whole elevens tremble,
At the mention of his name.
For when Urbans once gets started
With the ball beneath his arm,
No one tries to stop him,
But all jump back with alarm;
Not that they are cowards,
And fear to get a fall;
But they know they cannot stop him,
And they do not try at all.

John Moring is another
Of our High School heroes great
His many deeds of valor
'Twould take pages to relate.
He could lead an interference

Through a line of stalwart foes,
And tho' many often try it,
None round his end e'er goes.

But I can only mention
A portion of the list;
And there's many a noble hero
Whose name I know I've missed.
There's Cresler, a great player;
As a center he was fine,
And they say down at Hill School,
He's the best man in the line.
Then there's Don McDonald,
The finest tackle in town.
He can catch the swiftest runner,
And make him hollow down.
Likewise the two Bond brothers,
They are both at Orchard Lake.
Charlie's their crack half-back,
And Ralph as guard's no fake.
There are many, many others
Whose names you'd love to hear;
Whose records are as glorious
As the ones I've mentioned here.

Yet, there's one more stalwart hero,
One more, and I am through;
One more noble player
Who fought for the White and Blue.
His weight is but one hundred;
His height but five feet four;
But of courage, grit and coolness,
He has a tremendous store:
Tis Lang our gallant quarter;
And his equal can't be found,
If you search the High Schools over
From Denver to Long Island Sound.
And now as we leave these heroes,
Three cheers for our noble school,
And a tigar for the game of foot-ball,
In which skill and science rule.


Nihil calerum, Beri much morum,
Much singum Much roarum
Much stamp on the floorum.
H. S. G. M. C.
High School Glee Club. Do! Re! Mi!

# HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

## OFFICERS.

HARRY L. STONECIFER, - - - - - - - - - - *President.*
WALTER H. CRIM, - - - - - - - - - - - *Manager.*

## GLEE CLUB.

### FIRST TENORS.

C. L. OLDS, Jr., P. G.
H. B. HATCH, '96.
H. W. LANG, '97..
J. B. SWAYNE, '97.

### SECOND TENORS.

W. H. CRIM, '97.
F. C. MCCRACKEN, '96.
D. J. HAYDEN, '96.

### FIRST BASS.

E. R. YARNELLE, '97.
P. E. OLDS, P. G.
T. J. DAVIS, '96.
S. T. STRINGER, '97.

### SECOND BASS.

C. L. SMITH, '97.
H. L. STONECIFER, '96.
L. F. HARTMAN, '97.
G. F. MCDONALD, '97.
P. L. FRASER, '97.

## MANDOLIN CLUB.

### MANDOLINS.

W. H. CRIM, '97.
D. J. HAYDEN, '96.
R. P. CHAPIN, P. G.
H. CROXTON, '97.

### GUITARS.

C. L. SMITH, '97.
L. F. HARTMAN, '97.
P. L. FRASER, '97.

# G. G. G. G.

## FLOWER.

White Carnation.

## COLORS.

Dark Green and Cream.

## OFFICERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Julia Lund, | *President.* |
| Margaret Wagenhals, | *Vice-President.* |
| Marian Webb, | *Vice-President.* |
| Gladys Williams, | *Secretary.* |
| Blanche Tinkham, | *Treasurer.* |

## MEMBERS.

Mable Durnell, '98.
Anna Jones, '98.
Zella Evans, '98
Madge Jenkinson, '98.
Julia Lund, '98.
Gladys Williams, '98.
Maude McBride, '98.
Blanche Tinkham, '98.
Lavonia Williams, '98.
Grace Walters, 98.
Lora Walters, '98.
Mary Seaton, '98.
Marion Webb, '98.
Margaret Wagenhals, '98.
Minnie Arnold, '98.
Juanita Bennet, '98.
Edith Welsheimer, '98.

## INDEPENDENT TEN.

## COLORS.

Lavender and White.

## MEMBERS.

Alma Paul, '99.
Reada Lamley, '99.
Ida Norton, '99.
Florence Rilel, '99.
Lillian Lauferty, '99.
Gertrude Binke, '99.
Grace Mack, '99.
Mildred Russle, '99.
Lotta Burdette, '99.
Ruth Owen, '99.

FOUNDED AT

ANN ARBOR

High School.

ALPHA CHAPTER,

Founded at

FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL

JANUARY, 1895.

..REPRESENTED AT..

YALE,
U. OF M.
PUDRUE.

HARVARD,
U. OF ILLS.
WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

WEST POINT.

# DELTA SIGMA NU.

FLOWER.
"Meteor" Carnation.

COLORS.
Olive, Green and Wine.

YELL.

Ring! Chang! Bang!
Rip! Rah! Ru!
F. W. H. S.
Delta Sigma Nu.

## HONORARY MEMBER.

Hugh Keegan.

## ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Alfred D. Cressler, '95.
George H. Cressler, '96.
Joseph A. Bursely, '95.
Donald McDonald, '96.
John J. Stahl, 95.

## ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Ralph E. Chapin, '95.
Walter H. Crim, '97.
Frederick B. Shoaff, '95.
Guy R. Bell, '97.
James M. Hamilton, '95.
George P. McDonald, '97.
Frank E. Davis, '95.
Frederick M. Gregg, '97.
Phillip E. Bursely, '98.
Ronald R. Purman, '97.
John H. Bass, Jr., '98.

DELTA SIGMA NU.

# SELECT SINGING SISTERS.

## FLOWER.

Pink Rose.

## COLORS.

Pink and Gray.

## OFFICERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mabel Crosby, '96, | *President.* |
| Juanita Bennett, '98, | *Vice-President.* |
| Bessie Cherry, '98, | *Secretary.* |
| Helen Reitze, '98, | *Treasurer.* |
| Edith Welsheimer, '98, | *Pianist.* |

## MEMBERS.

Bessie L. Colerick, '98,
Grace Walters, '98.
Anna Sinclair, '98.
Lucile Porter, '96.
Edna M. Parham, '98.
Maud Gaskins, '96.
Buena Bennett, '98.
Blanche Tinkham, '98.
Myra Smith, '98.
Leah Tennant, '98.
Carlie Olds, '99.
Bessie Cherry, '98.
Madge E. Jenkinson, '98.
Lora B. Walters, '98.
Helen B. Birbeck, '98.
Mable Tinkham, P. G.
Charlotte Grimes, P. G.
Grace Tinkham, '97.
Juanita Bennet, '98.
Helen Reitze, '98.
Mable Durnell, '98.
Marian Webb, '98.

## NEEDLE CLUB.

*Quid Id Appelles.*

## COLORS.

Pink, Green, Crimson, Goblin Blue.

## MEMBERS.

Marie Hurst, '99,
Ethelwyn Taylor, '99.
Clara Poole, '99.
Louise Raser, '99.
Lillian Ortman, '99.
Myrtle Wilding, '99.

GLEE CLUB.

## HIGH SCHOOL CHESS CLUB.

Lee H. Hartman, '97.
Thomas J. Davis, '96.
Cornelius L. Smith, '97.
Donald J. Hayden, '96.
Harver S. Banks, '96.
Herbert W. Lang, '97.
Hugh B. Hatch, '96.
Rex P. Dryer, '96.

## OUR COOKING CLUB.

### COLORS.

Green, White, Gold.

### FLOWER.

Crysanthemum.

### MEMBERS.

De Etta M. Davis.
Grace L. Harding.
Alice J. Dryer.
Mary J. Kern,
Maude F. Sperry.
Edna I. Franklin.
Mary E. Walton.
Clara P. Foster.
Bertha E. Jackson.
Daisy D. Davis.

## THE HAPPY SIX.

### MEMBERS.

Myrtle Haines, '97.
Carrie Hauck, '97.
Maude Clark, '97.
Blanche Coombs, '97.
Mattie Graham, '97.
Nellie Clark, '97.
Lizzie Lapp, '97.

# GRINDS.

# FACULTY.

Miss Jay: "My room will recite here."

Prof. Lane: "Say you will."

Prof. Crowe: "Why, that is something I never knew before."

Miss Colvin: "The two consuls were killed dead."

Prof. Crowe: "Your eye-sight must be poor if you used your ear-sight for that."

Prof. Wise: "There are others."

Miss Pyle: "How can you tell?"

Little Girl: (talking to Senior.) "I know one of your teachers."

Senior: "Do you?"

Little Girl: "Yes, he comes to see my sister and talks *so* silly."

Miss Colvin: (looking over Senior History papers.) "Don't they know anything?"

Miss Colvin: (half an hour later.) "Don't they know anything at all?"

Prof. Lane: (after making a pun without response from the class.) "It always takes two competent minds, working in unison, to make a joke."

Miss Jay: "I do not see why one or two pupils have to do all the singing in the morning. There *was* a time when the whole school joined in the singing. Let us sing Hymn number 26."

Several voices sing, "Why not now?"

Miss Pyle: "You have missed one line out."

Prof. Lane: (to a new Junior, who has made some remark about the sides of a circle.) "How many sides has a circle?"

New Junior: "Two."

Prof. Lane: (sarcastically.) "Please name them."

New Junior: "Inside and outside."

Senior: (to Miss Pyle.) "May I speak to you a moment?"

Miss Pyle: "No, I'm engaged."

# SENIORS,

Miss Aker: (translating Latin.) "Pone subit conjunx." His wife follows, (she hesitates, then continues.) "I don't know what 'pone' means."

Prof. Lane: "What, you didn't skip the 'pone', did you?"

Prof. Lane: (in geometry.) "Albert, what answer did you get for the sixth problem?"

Albert Waters: "I did not finish it."

Prof. Lane: "How far did you get?"

Albert Waters: "I did not begin it."

Davis: (translating Latin.) "Troilus was being dragged in a cast-off armor—"

Prof. Lane: "Eh, buy it at a second hand store, Thomas?" and the class laughed.

Prof. Wise: (in literature recitation.) "Hugh, what is the pertinency of that question?"

H. Hatch: "I do not see that it is in any way impertinent."

Prof. Lane: "Miss Foster were you ever frightened?"

Miss Foster: "No sir."

Some One: (in a grotto voice.) "There is a mouse." Tableau.

McCracken: (speaking of a visitor listening to our Vergil class.) "I'll bet he never saw a Latin book before."

Prof. Lane: (next day to Vergil class) "You remember the visitor we had yesterday? he was Prof. Burroughs, President of Wabash College."

Stonecifer: (translating Greek.) "I will proceed to—"

Prof. Wise: (after a three minute pause), "be seated."

Greenick: (in geometry.) "I understand it, Professor, but I can't make you see it."

Miss Jay: (in Greek history.) "What is another name for the Cnidian Aphrodite?"

Miss Haberkorn: "The Colossus of Rhodes."

Hatch: (in class meeting.) After a motion has been put and passed. "Mr. President, there are a great number of reasons why that motion should not be passed."

Prof. Wise: (in literature class.) "Why did not Chaucer use his own words?"

Waters: "He was afraid of being sued for libel."

Hayden: (translating Vergil.) "Let the fates decree the time."

Prof. Lane: "The time will be 4:30 p. m. You may make up your Vergil lesson then."

## THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

I know that he must love me,
For he often strokes my head;
And says that I relieve him
From every fear and dread.
When his mind is all befudled
Over lessons hard to get,
It is then he calls me such names
As his darling and his pet;
And, when at last he leaves me,
He says he has no fear;
And to me gently whispers,
"I'll always trust you, dear."
For I'm a Virgil Pony,
And I lead a happy life;
I'm as wedded to my owner,
As if I were his wife.

* * * * *

The old man rides his hobby;
The mugwump rides his vote;
The Junior rides his pony;
But the Delta rides the goat.

## WHO?

Behold her as she rows along
Our mighty St. Joe river!
Behold her as she baits her hook,
With not a quake or quiver!
Behold her as she feels the jerks
Of some great quarter-pounder!
Behold her as she pulls her pole,
And wraps the line around her!

# JUNIORS.

PROF. CROWE: "If you should see lightning to-night, how would you tell about it to-morrow?"

MCDONALD: "I'd say that it rained last night."

PROF. LANE: "Does any one know why Lee is absent?"

YARNELLE: (in a low whisper.) "The curling iron was too hot this morning, and he burned his head."

CROXTON: (translating Greek.) "They shot six hoplites on the wing."

M. HARTMAN: (the same day.) "They had the market place on the wagon."

MCDONALD: "Perpendicular lines are parallel lines that make square corners with each other."

PROF. LANE: "If you bisect an angle of sixty degrees, what will you have?"

SMITH: "Half of it."

PROF. CROWE: "What does a lamp do when it smokes?"

LANG: "It makes the lamp black."

HARPER: "They have did these things."

MISS HORMEL: (translating Cicero.) "Do not allow these evils to remain in the victuals of the republic."

PROF. CROWE: "If you dissolve sugar in water, what do you make?"

LANG: "Salt water."

MCCORMICK: "They made sacrifices to the Lady Gods."

HARTMAN: (at Junior class meeting.) "The class will please come to order. Motions to adjourn are now in order."

SOME ONE: "I move we adjourn." "I second the motion."

HARTMAN: "All in favor of the motion say aye." Chorus of ayes.

HARTMAN: "The meeting is adjourned."

MCDONALD: "Methinks I hear the bleating of a goat. Bah! 'Tis nothing but a lamb."

YOUNG LADY: (to Crim.) "Who is the smartest boy in the Junior class?"

CRIM: "Hartman says that he is, but I think I have the best of him."

MISS SPERRY: "Oh, how springified."

MISS MEEGAN: (in her sleep getting her Julius Cæsar mixed.)

"You all do know that neck-tie, I remember
The first time ever Yarnelle put it on:
He bought it down at Levy's, who was glad
To rid his show-case of that gaudy red."

# A MID-NIGHT ESCAPADE.

The stars are dimmed, all lights are out,
Save one, which seems to flit about,
As if in haste, walks here and there,
On some search bent, the carrier.
But now it has stopped, and now 'tis out;
And darkness stealeth round about.

On hinge, creaks bodingly the door;
Two youths come out, the one before
Doth in his arms a bundle bear,
Which both now guard with jealous care.
And now toward town they slowly walk,
And now in whispers softly talk:
Calhoun street reached, the clock in the tower
Proclaimeth midnight as it strikes the hour.
And now along East Wayne they walk;
The High School reached, a moment they talk;
Then quickly pass they through the gate;
What want they here at this hour so late?

They reached the back yard, then wait a while,
And now the moon is made to smile.
The taller climbs a shed near by,
And to open the windows now doth try:
"They are locked," he mutters, "cursed luck,
Our plans must now all go amuck,"
But no: this thought then strikes his mind,
"That porch post there if but climbed,
Would lead to a window unlocked, I'm sure:
It's not been closed through-out the year."
He calls to the other, "come, climb this post;
I think you can reach it, if I give you a boost."

His friend now tries, and tries in vain,
To reach the post over an incline plain,
The tin porch creaks, and he fears a fall;
But, look! He's reached it after all.
And now to climb the post he tries,
But the slippery wood his efforts defies.
He gives it up in blank despair;
The wind wafts back his cry of "where."

And now they steal to the other side;
And now each window there is tried:
Save one: A cellar window that:
'Tis tried. Propitious Juno! What!
'Tis fastened, merely by a string;
The string cut, the window opens in;
A stone wall rises on either side;
But over the window, one youth doth glide:
A crushing noise, a curse, a crack,

A scamper of feet, as he hurries back.
And now they hide with bated breath;
Each face paled white as if in death.
But now one boy quite bolder grows;
His head around the corner he shows.
"No one in sight," he mutters low,
"I think it's time for us to go."

Then over the fence, they quickly slide,
And out of the alley they softly glide.
And now toward home they wend their way.
"But what means it all the moon doth say?
Now look! The wrappers from the bundle tore;
There lies a lantern, a banner, nothing more.
But on that flag the moon doth shine.
There writ, "Nos summus populi,"
" We are the class of ninety—"
The number's hid in Heaven.

# AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

It was the night of the High School banquet, of '95. The boys of the Junior class were acting as ushers in the Masonic temple, where the commencement exercises were being held; while the Sophomores were gathered on the outside of the temple, conversing in low but excited whispers. At last, they seemed to arrive at some conclusion, for three of them rapidly walked toward town, and the rest entered the temple and took seats in the balcony.

The three arrived at the Fort Wayne Club and asked the night clerk for permission to make some arrangements in the hall in which the hop was to be given, after the exercises were over. The clerk suspiciously eyed a bundle which one of the boys carried, but as they had a note, signed by the president of the Senior class, asking that they be allowed to enter the room, he gave his consent. They slowly climbed the dark stairs, though how they managed to raise the courage to do it, is hard to tell, for Sophomores, as a general thing are not very bold, and these boys had the reputation of being exceedingly timid; but in a few moments the clerk heard a low tapping, as if they were tacking something to the wall, and were trying to muffle the sound of the hammer. Then all grew silent, and the three Sophomores came down and out, and returned to the temple.

They joined their classmates in the balcony who seemed to be eagerly awating their arrival. The report that they brought back must have been a satisfactory one, for a gentle laugh was wafted over the temple.

But in the meantime, the ushers, completely tired out by their exertions, had seated themselves and were preparing to enjoy the program. But Oh! what a change had taken place in them. How different were they from that band of gallant youths who welcomed the first comers to the temple. Their collars, once so high and shining, were now mere rags, hanging around their necks, and their one time glossy shirt bosoms looked more like Bridget's dish towels. But the Juniors did not seem to be worried about their appearance, in fact the class of '96 has never allowed trifles to trouble it.

But to proceed. Professor Wise was just in the most interesting part of his brilliant address, when something struck McCracken, (a Junior) on the nose. With a smothered exclamation he glanced down, and saw a paper wad lying at his feet. He picked it up and read it, then—no he didn't swear, for he was too much taken back to swear. The note was passed to his companions, and, after a few moments consultation, McCracken arose and walked to the rear of the room, and in a short time Stonecifer followed him, while the rest of the Juniors gazed intently at the stage as if nothing had happened.

The three juniors hurried to the Wayne Club hall, and waiting on the outside until they saw the clerk step into his private office, they bounded through the front room and up the same stairs that the Sophomores had decended but a few moments before. When they reached the dance hall, and turned a flash light on the wall, their blood began to tingle. For, tacked to the wall, high above their heads, was a banner bearing this inscription: "'97 and '95." This was quickly torn down and the Juniors

glided down stairs and out the door before the clerk returned. When they reached the temple, the people were coming out. Their classmates were waiting for them not far off, and the Sophomores were jumping about in eager anticipation of their *surprise*. The Juniors hurried to the club hall and were among the first to enter.

In a few moments the '97 boys bounded up the stairs, (the lamps were lighted now) and broke into the room. Without looking around, Yarnelle began to shout, "Behold our," and then his voice sank, and he stood gazing at the wall in amazement. He recovered his presence of mind in a moment, and slunk into a corner of the room, followed by his classmates. After a few moments conversation, in which dire threats of vengence were made against the clerk, they hastened down to his (the clerk's) office, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the disappearance of the banner. They returned to the hall, where a most enraging sight met their gaze. Pinned to the lapel of each of the Junior boys' coat, was a small strip of the lost banner.

Ah, then they saw through it all; then they saw how they had been out-witted by the Juniors! But charity forbids a further description of their chagrin. All the evening they moped around in the corners of the room, and that night they saw the faces of the exultant Juniors, bending over them. But they need not have taken it so hard; they had been out-witted: Yes, but they should have consoled themselves with the thought, that it was by the boys of the class of '96.

# SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

WALTER: It is customary to call for a young lady, if you have invited her to an entertainment.

BESSIE: A young lady should be accompanied by her mother or by a maid, when she goes to dancing school.

RALPH: Perhaps a tailor might sew them.

BLANCHE: I would certainly think it a compliment to be called cute.

ANNA: If it was really a mistake, as you say, I think that the young man will pardon you for winking at him.

PERCY: In answer to your request that the "Vedette" devote several pages to roasting you, we would say that space in this book is to valuable to be wasted on trifles.

RALPH C.: It must be very embarrassing to attract so much attention among the young ladies, but are you sure that you do not imagine a great deal of it.

PAUL: I think that, if you have strong will powers, you will be able to conquer that feeling of bigness.

LUCILE: As I have never been placed in the position you mention, I can not advise you what to do.

HARRY: No, we do not intend to publish any grinds on you.

# OUR FREE LOCAL PAGE.

For Sale—A Virgil pony; perfectly docile; has been ridden for two years.

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Wanted—Some one to answer embarrassing questions.

Address, T. J. Davis.

Wanted—To know why so many Seniors flunk on Monday.

Prof. Lane.

For Sale or Rent—One copy of Cooper's Virgil.

Address, H. S. Banks.

Wanted—Some one to donate a few thousand dollars to build and equip a High School gymnasium. High School Pupils.

For Sale—Six hundred copies of the latest addition to scientific works, entitled, "Why I know that the earth is flat, or how badly scientists have been deluded." Author T. J. Davis.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A little goat. When last seen, was wandering around the old fair grounds. Finder will please return to the

Delta Sigma Nus.

Wanted—A girl. Not very particular as to beauty.

Walter H. Crim.

Wanted—To know for which race in the field day the razor is a prize.

Phil. E. Brusely.

Wanted—A refrigerator, in which to keep jokes.

Editor of Annual.

WANTED—By every one who hears Guy Bell tell a story; a salt cellar.

The report that Green, the arcade Jeweler, presented the editorial staff of the Vedette with their class pins, is a base libel.

WANTED—By Friends of Miss Margie Hanna; a phonograph, to be turned on in their leisure moments.

Dallas F. Green has always furnished the medals for High School field day.

WANTED—To know what Croxton resembles in the glee club picture.

Suggestion to O. C. C.: when they have their banquet, they should purchase their silverware of D. F. Green, the arcade jeweler.

Lessons given in Indian Shadow Dancing, with or without pretzels.

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Go to Green's for fine watches and jewelry.

Lessons to be learned from excessive cigarette smoking.

Scene on Fruit House corner:

COLERICK—"What would you do if a bear should get after you?"

STAUTER—"I'd kill it, if I das't, but I dasn't."

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